The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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A Water Drinker's Experience.

I'VE work'd in the heat, and I've work'd in the cold,
I've work'd with the young, and I've work'd with the old,
I've work'd very late, and I've work'd very soon,
I've work'd by the sun, and I've work'd by the moon;
But I'm sure I could tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.

I've work'd far from home, and I've work'd rather nigh,
I've work'd in the wet, and I've work'd in the dry,
I've work'd amongst corn, and I've work'd amongst hay,
I've work'd by the piece, and I've work'd by the day,
And I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.

I've work'd amongst lime, and I've work'd amongst chalk,
I've work'd amongst still folks, and those that could talk,
I've work'd amongst iron, and I've work'd amongst wood,
I've work'd amongst bad, and I've work'd amongst good;
But wherever I go, there's nothing to fear,
So much as the foolish, made foolish by beer.

I've wrote and I've read, and I've summ'd and I've talk'd,
I've been out on pleasure, with friends I have walk'd,
But never no never, no use could I see,
Of taking strong drink, so hurtful to me;
Thus I'm sure I can tell without any fear,
These things can be manag'd without any beer.

Lead Thy Mother Tenderly.

LEAD thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care;
Think — it was her love for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light.
Cherish well the faithful heart,
Which, through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon,
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness,
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

For the Myrtle.

A Letter from the Mountains.

Kearsage Mountain, Andover, N. H., Aug. 5, 1872.

THANKS be to God for the mountains! This is what we always think when we visit them. They are among the grandest and most glorious of the earthly works of the Lord.

We are now upon one of these majestic heights of the Granite State, Kearsage Mountain, a few miles from the village of Andover, N. H., The "Winslow House," kept by Mr. S. D. Baker, is about two-thirds the way towards the summit, and a sightly and pleasant home it is. It commands an extensive western and northern view. In the latter direction we see Mount Cardigan, in Orange, N.H., rising before us, and farther to the east the ranges that run into the Franconia and other White Mountain regions. At the west there is stretched out before us quite a number of the thriving farming towns of New Hampshire, with their white villages here and there dotting the landscape. The pond in New London lays like a sheet of silver embosomed among the hills; and beyond all the

other mountain ranges there rises the crest of old Ascutney, just the other side of the Connecticut River, in Vermont.

We come up to the hotel by the carriage road from the "Potter-House" village in Andover. This house was once the home owned and occupied by Mr. Potter, the famous ventriloquist, so well known all over our land thirty or forty years ago. His burial-place is on the grounds of his former estate, which long since passed out of the hands of the family.

Our first day at the Mountain House is somewhat cloudy, so that we cannot see clearly the top of the mountain. There have been heavy showers during the night, and in the morning the cloud-mists are breaking and clearing, so as to open up to our view most of the landscape westward; and a delighting view it is. The sun rays are streaming in through the silvery mists, and now and then snatches of rainbow forms are seen. Farm-houses and clearings of green of various shades are beheld in every direction, interspersed with clusters of cone-like spruces and small forests of the harder woods of New England. The birds are pouring out their sweet songs to us — the robin and sparrow and occasionally the thrush, and even the grave crow greets us with his sociable cawings. With these exceptions there is a sweet silence here a little way from the noise of human voices. A walk of a very short distance will take us into a solitude where we seem to come near to the great Spirit whose power placed the mountains on their foundations, and whose glory is shining forth everywhere above and around them.

The visitors here, quite a number from our cities, are enjoying themselves right well, the young folks especially. Invalids come here to drink in the mountain air, a medicine which nature has always on hand for her sick and weakly children. It is better than herb drinks or pellets or pills.

The clouds have cleared away, and we start — a lively party — for the summit of Kearsage. Over a somewhat rocky and narrow pathway we reach it from the hotel in about forty-five minutes. The top of the mountain is nearly all ledge. The air is invigorating, and the scenery on all sides around is not to be adequately described in words. Westwardly we have a wider view of Vermont than we enjoyed at the hotel. At the north we see the "haystacks," including Mt. Lafayette, of the Franconia range. The clouds hide Mt. Washington, but the rocky peak of Chocorua stands up in the far distance. Then we see as we come southerly, the Ossipee range, Red Hill, the Belknap Mountains, and Winnepisaukee Lake. Then away to the south of Rockingham county to the sea there are scarcely any mountain heads to be seen. Away to the south we espy Wachusett, in Massachusetts, and to the southeast, the majestic Monadnock stands up in bold outline. Rivers, lakes, ponds, clusters of villages and farm-houses, more than we are disposed to count, meet the eye in every direction. How "it pays" to be here, drinking in this exhilarating mountain air, and feasting our eyes upon the scenery of this gorgeous temple made and decorated by the hand of the great architect and artist himself!

We spend a Christian Sabbath in this mountain cathedral. Some of us, I think, are worshippers at this outer shrine; all of us ought to be "in spirit and in truth." When the evening comes, the sojourners at the Mountain House, on invitation of the proprietor, gather — the old and young — in the parlors, and unite in a Christian service. The singers discourse sweet music, and the minister invokes the blessing of Him "who setteth fast the mountains" and "ruleth by his power forever," reads an evening lesson from the Book of books, and discourses briefly and earnestly on the works, the providence, and the grace of the Father of all.

Long shall we remember this visit to Kearsage, and our happy Sabbath there.

J. G. A.

Kindle a Fire.

Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows — scratching away, and should ask him what he was up to, and he should reply: "Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off of one square it comes on another," would you not say, "Why, man, let your windows alone, and kindle your fire, and the frost will soon come off?" And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits, one after another, without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let the fire of love of God and men, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts and bad habits will soon melt away.

My Grandmother's Home.

BUILT years ago, large, quaint, and square,
Things old-fashioned everywhere;
Grandmother's house, were you ever there?

In quest of a place on a summer's day,
When they went to build, did they lose their way
'Mong daisies and buttercups go astray?

Lose their way, and say to each,
We'll place it here by the rocky beach,
Just from the waters out of reach?

And so they built it; large and square,
Cosy corners here and there,
Old-fashioned wonders every where.

Unlooked-for nooks on every side,
Queer old places where one might hide,
Grandmother's house, our childish pride,

Old-fashioned dishes, fit for elves,
Stowed away on closet shelves;
Unmatched platters by themselves.

Curious china, quaint and old,
Thirteen stars in blue and gold
Two gilt doves in circle hold.

All alone there stands a plate,
On topmost shelf without a mate,
Relic of an ancient date.

Oft have I turned from dainties spread,
Forgot my slice of wheaten bread,
To con that pictured plate instead.

Its full-rigged ships of deepest blue,
The seas unrufled, sailing through,
Toward a distant landscape view.

Flying pennants at masthead each,
Ships that sail, but never reach
The blueish pebbles on the beach.

In its red case, standing tall,
Ticks the clock against the wall,
Its benediction on us all.

On braided mat in a cosy chair,
The glory of the house is there,
Time's gathered snow upon her hair.

The story of her life is told,
She's drifting away in the mist and gold
Of a life beyond that never grows old.

Drifting away, and out of sight,
Into the glory of greater light,
Into a day that has no night.

And in all the world there never will be
A house. old-fashioned, like this, for me,
'Mong daisies and buttercups down by the sea.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance, an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

A Talk About God.

I BELIEVE there is a God, but I do not believe so because I ever saw him. "No man hath ever seen God at any time." God says, "No man shall see me and live." But we may all believe in some things which we never saw. We never saw the wind, yet we know it blows. Therefore it is as foolish as it is wicked to doubt whether there be a God, simply because we never saw him. But I will tell you why I believe there is a God.

Not long ago, I went with four little children into a watch-maker's shop, and there a man brought out a little box, and put a key into a small hole in the side of it, and wound it up. He then set down the box, and touched a spring, and the top flew open, and a little bird, not as large as a humming bird, hopped out, and flapped its wings, and sang, or seemed to sing, a pretty tune. The little boys and girls that were with me were much pleased. Mary said, "I wish I had it. I would give a dollar for it." She was told the price of it was six hundred dollars. Jane asked, "Who made it?" Mr. Smith, the watch-maker, told her that it was made by a man in Geneva, in Switzerland. We all left the store in good spirits, and went out to a grove. Here were many living birds. Every one could hop from tree to tree. They could all make some noise. The notes of most of them were very sweet. We all walked through the grove, and found some pretty flowers. We then came to a cool spring, and took a drink of water. I thought it was a good time to talk. So I said, "If a man in Geneva made the bird in the box, how came all the living birds here? Did they make themselves?" Charles said, "How could they make themselves? I saw in my book the other day that nothing can make nothing. "Well," said I, "did the man in Geneva make them?" Jane answered, "No! he never saw them. He could not make such birds as these." I then said, "Did they just grow without any one making them?" Charles replied, "How could they?" Mary said, I can tell you how they came here, God made them. I know there is a God, because there are so many pretty birds." I added, "You are all right, my children. There is a God. He has made everything good, and we ought to believe that he is. His works are all around us. They are many and great, and wise. Let us never doubt that there is a God." — *Banner.*

For the Myrtle.

Wishing Alice.

ALICE and May Carter with their father stood on the deck of the steamer waving their handkerchiefs to their friends on the wharf.

"Good bye," said Alice, "good bye," said May, though they knew very well that their friends could not hear them. They could see a handkerchief waving, and they knew that it was Robby's. Rob was their brother, and he was going for his vacation with a party of boys up among the lakes, to fish and to hunt. Alice and May were going with their father and mother to the mountains; the mother was an invalid and was lying on a sofa in the saloon.

When they had left the shore far behind, and could see no more of Rob and his handkerchief, they began to look around them! "O father, is not the water beautiful? I *wish* mamma could come up and sit on deck!"

"Always wishing something my little girl," said her father. "But now I must go down to your mother; you can sit here and amuse yourselves."

"I wonder," said Alice, "how long we shall be aboard the boat."

"Nearly all night," said May. "But we must get up very early to take the cars at some place, I forget where, and we shall get to Boston in the morning"

"O dear! I *wish* it was time now. I hate to be expecting things. I know I shant wake."

"Father will wake us in time," said May. "Don't be nervous."

"I wish," said Alice pettishly, "you wouldn't be always telling me not to be nervous."

"Don't be cross," said May. I didn't mean any harm. But you are always wishing something."

"I can't help it, and I don't know as there is any harm in in it. I wish —" and then she stopped and the two girls laughed.

"Well, I am most starved, and I *wish* supper was ready."

Just now ding dong went the gong, and the girls jumped and ran to meet their father, who took them down to supper. After supper was over and they had been to kiss their mother good night, they went to their stateroom. This pleased the girls very much.

"O!" said Alice, "what cunning little beds. How queer it will be to sleep here. It is like a big doll house, isn't it, May?"

"Yes," said May, "and you shall be the doll, and I will undress you." So the girls who had hardly done playing with dolls had a merry time undressing and getting up "on the shelf" as they called it.

"I wish mother could see us," said Alice.

"So do I," said May. "But good night, Alice, I am going to sleep."

"O, I wish — no I don't wish anything; good night."

Their father woke them in season to take the cars, and the next morning they were in Boston. There they stopped two days as their father had business, and then they started for the mountains.

I will not tell you about the journey for it would take too long. But when they got to the hotel where they were going to stay, it was quite dark.

Alice wished it was light so she could see the place, but May told her she must wait till morning.

In the morning Alice woke up very early. She got out of bed very softly that she need not wake her sister, dressed herself and went down stairs. There was no one stirring but the servants. A great black Newfoundland dog lay on

the mat blinking his eyes in the sun. Alice sat down and stroked the dog, who wagged his t il good naturedly.

"O dear," said she, "I wish you was my dog. Give me your paw." To her delight he laid his huge paw in in her hand. She went out on the piazza, and the dog got up and followed her. Alice looked around; there were the mountains, large and tall, all about her; below her were villages and towns, and lakes and rivers, everything looked grand. Alice stood for a time without saying a word. Then she said,

"Why, I never saw anything like this before. I *wish* I had waked up May so she could see it too. What a big hill that is up there. I wonder what is behind it. It looks very pleasant up there. If I could get up there I would see everything."

Then she walked off the piazza into the yard. Just beyond she saw the farmyard, and the cows being milked. She stopped to talk with the milkmaid, and then she kept on the road picking wildflowers. The road seemed to lead up the hill and was a very good road. So Alice kept on, the dog still following her. She was so much engaged picking the flowers and talking to the dog she did not notice that the road had grown very narrow, and that indeed there was no path at all. Still she kept on for she said, "I know I am most at the top, and I do so wish to see the other side. She found it rather hard work now to climb, for there seemed to be nothing but great rocks all about her. Higher and higher she went, and the sun grew hotter. Alice had had no breakfast and she began to feel very tired and faint, so she sat down on a rock to rest. The dog was panting and hot too, and he sat down beside her and looked up wistfully into her face, as much as to say, "I think you are a very foolish girl." At least, I think Alice thought so, for she concluded she would rest awhile and go home without seeing the top.

But when Alice stopped to think and looked around, and saw the rocks all about her, above and below, and no trace of the path by which she came, she began to feel very unhappy. Then she thought of her sister waking and not finding her, of her father searching all round the house and yard, calling her and getting no answer, and of her poor sick mother distressed at her strange disappearance; and the poor child fairly cried aloud.

The dog came close up to her, poked his nose under her hands, and seemed to want to comfort her. "O dear, dear dog!" said Alice, "I am glad you came with me. Now if you only had a basket of provisions around your neck, like the dogs of St. Bernard that I have read about, how nice it would be. O, how I *wish* I had staid at home. I was a very fooolish girl, and I don't know how I shall ever find my way down." Then a thought struck her, perhaps the dog knew the way home. "Say, dog, can you show me the way home?" The dog of course did not answer, but he wagged his tail and gave a low whine. "Well, after I am rested we will try. O, I *wish* I had some breakfast."

Alice climbed up to a flat smooth rock that was shaded by a tree, and lay down, and although she felt very unhappy, she was so tired that she soon fell asleep. It was a very hard bed, but she slept some time, till she was suddenly wakened by the loud barking of the dog. Alice woke up with a loud cry. Far up among the rocks above her were five or six figures. When they heard the barking of the dog they looked down and saw her. Poor child, it was almost too much for her; she clasped her hands together, and the tears ran down her cheeks. The dog jumped about her as if frantic, and licked her face and hands.

Alice had been missed, and her father and two or three other men started directly in search of her. She had been seen by the servants going towards the mountain followed by the dog. They might have missed her as it was had not the dog seen them and attracted their attention by his barking.

"Wasn't he a wise dog, father?" said Alice when she got home, and was sitting by her mother's side.

"Yes, Alice, I think he was much wiser than some little girls I know of."

"I *wish* he was my dog," said Alice.

May burst out laughing. "'Wishing Alice,' I shall call you."

"I don't care. Father, won't you get him for me?"

"I think, Alice, it would be better to leave him here in case some other little girl might wish to see what was on the other side of the mountain."

Alice and May are still up among the mountains, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if, when they left for home, the dog came with them.

N. T. M.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

A member of the society in Saco says, "Our society and Sunday School was never in a more flourishing condition than it was the last Sunday in June, when we celebrated Rose Sunday; at which time forty-two children secured the rite of baptism. Our Sunday School numbers one hundred and twelve scholars, with a small but steady increase every Sunday. So you see our prospects are very flattering for a large and, I trust, good school."

MASSACHUSETTS.

Children's Sunday was observed at Marblehead, and also at Hingham.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Children's Sunday was duly observed by our society in Reading. The pastor preached an appropriate sermon in the morning, and in the evening a splendid concert was given. July 11, the school had its annual pic-nic at Litz, near a Moravian settlement, in Lancaster County. On reaching the grounds, appropriate services were held, after which the day was spent in a joyful manner. Just before the party left the grove, the pastor, Rev. G. Bailey, baptized seven children at the spring on the grounds.

NEW JERSEY.

The Sunday School at Newark held services appropriate to the occasion of leaving their old edifice, where they had held their sessions for their new one nearly ready for them. An interesting letter was read to the School by the Superintendent, from our former pastor, Rev. Sumner Ellis, and addresses were made by several of the brethren, each offering a word of encouragement to the School in its future; not forgetting the difficulties of the past, nor overlooking the pleasures and opportunities; yet anticipating increased advantages with the greatly improved accommodations. The new schoolroom, it is fully expected, will be ready for occupancy by the first Sunday in September, and, unless some unforseen interruption to the work prevents, the School will resume its sessions on that day, under auspices which promise for it unprecedented success. It will have accommodations it has never before enjoyed, — a room in the second story of the chapel, with a fine entrance, ample capacity, and, above all, well lighted and ventilated, high, arched ceiling, and windows on every side, making a cheerful, healthful, and pleasant room.

INDIANA.

We have an interesting account of the Indiana Sunday School Convention. The second annual meeting of the Indiana Sunday School Convention was held at Muncie, July 24 and 25. We understand that the sessions "were full of life and were moved by the right spirit." There were present delegates from eleven schools. Written reports were received from eighteen schools, and several others responded to the call for verbal reports. Essays were read by J. M. Bulla on "The Sunday School — How to make it Attractive;" by Rev. J. W. Eldridge on "Sunday School Work;" by Rev. T. S. Guthrie on "The Object of the Sunday School." Among the questions presented for discussion was "The best method to conduct Infant Classes," and "Is it advisable for our children to regularly attend the Orthodox Sunday Schools" — in the latter of these, all the speakers took the negative side of the question.

The Pledge.

Some sensible person has given these good reasons why children and youth should sign the Temperance Pledge:

1. It will lead them to inquire what ardent spirits, wine, and beer-drinking does.
2. It will lead them to resolve that theirs shall not be the drunkard's end.
3. It will teach them their moral and free agency, and that they are to be actors for themselves in future life.
4. It will cause them to feel, as they have never felt before, their own responsibility.
5. It will give them a new and permanent interest in the temperance cause.
6. It will preserve them most effectually from the enticements of the wine cup.
7. It will prevent their being urged to drink by others.
8. It will make them good examples for others.
9. It will bring them out and embody them as a temperance army — a Band of Hope.
10. It will make them active and bold to gather in others and extend the cause.

It Pays.

What would a hungry person think who should be invited by another to eat a good dinner, if after he had eaten it the one who gave it to him should offer to pay him something for having eaten it? Would it not be pay enough for the hungry one to have had his dinner? Even so let us understand that we are not to expect any reward for being good here greater than the blessing of goodness itself. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Filled with what? Why, with this very good for which they are hungering — filled with righteousness; made godlike and holy. There can be no higher good than this for any souls in the universe. Righteousness pays! Let us all remember this.

Sunday Schools Everywhere.

We need Christian Sabbath Schools everywhere in the world Our own nation needs them; they are needed by all nations under the sun. Mr Jefferson, the third president of the United States, and the author of the Declaration of Independence, used to say, "There is but one agency through which the ship of our liberties may be preserved from dashing to pieces against the rock which has wrecked so many others; and that is the Sunday Schools" These schools are increasing in our own land and in Europe, and are one good sign of the progress of the nations. Let us do all we can to encourage and sustain them.

Thoughtful.

WAS it not very thoughtful in a little chubby-faced boy, who, being taken down town and suited to a new jacket and trowsers by his father, made this remark when they were about to take the car for home: —

"Now, father, you have spent so much money on me to-day, that I can't bear to have you spend any more; so you just jump into the car and ride home, and I'll trot along on the side-walk, and save you five cents." Many older ones would not have had a better thought than that.

WE are very much inclined to think that the New York *Independent* tells the truth when it says, "Those teachers who care least for the teachers' meeting are usually those who most need its influences and instructions. They do not yet know how little they do know."

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CI.

JESUS FORETELLS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE JEWISH STATE.

"Fear not little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

SCRIPTURE. — Math xxiv. 32–51; Mark xiii. 28–37; Luke xxi. 29–38.

Question. —What were the followers of Christ to do when they should see the signs he had mentioned?

Answer. — Luke xxi. 21.

Q. — What should be fulfilled in those days?

A. — Luke xxi. 22.

Q. — What should there be in the land?

A. — Luke xxi. 23.

Q. — What should be done with the Jews?

A. — Luke xxi. 24.

Q. — By what parable did he teach how to know when the kingdom of God should be near?

A. — Luke xxi. 29–31.

Q. — When should all these things happen?

A. — Luke xxi. 32.

Q. — What did Jesus warn them against, lest these things might come upon them unexpectedly?

A. — Luke xxi. 34.

Q. — What did he charge them to do?

A. — Luke xxi. 36.

Q. — Who knew the day and hour when these great events would happen?

A. — Mark xiii 32.

NOTE We learn from history, that just before the Roman armies encompassed Jerusalem, the followers of Christ fled to the mountains to escape, obeying the injunctions of Christ.

How God Loves us.

We are required by the Bible to love God. Why does he ask us to love him? The answer is, because he loves us. And how much are we to love him? The answer is, "with all the heart and mind and strength." We are to love God as he loves us; not with as great a love, for this is impossible. We are finite, he is infinite. He loves us fully, freely, everlastingly. If he did not love us thus, we should not be called upon to love him with all our powers. We should love him with all the love we can have for a good and gracious father. Let us think of this.

Hidden Seed

Alphabet of Scripture Personages.

A was a Canaanitish king conquered by Judah, and punished or cruelty.

B was a man endowed with the gift of prophecy, who once met with a peculiar rebuke.

C was a queen, whose treasurer was baptised, while on a journey.

D, by his moral courage, caused a king to change a wicked decree.

E was a judge in Israel, left-handed, and who treacherously slew another E.

F was a governor, who did injustice to a distinguished prisoner.

G was a warrior, called from the threshing-floor, to deliver Israel.

H was the mother of a wild man, whose hand was against every man.

I was a young man's name, always associated with a great test of faith.

J was a famous charioteer.

K was an Israelitish rebel, who was punished by an earthquake and fire.

L dwelt in a wicked community, and on leaving it was made a widower.

M was the father of a judge in Israel of great physical strength.

N was a king, who, for a number of years, lived the life of a beast.

O was a king whose name was short.

P was ruler over the keepers of the gates of the tabernacle.

Q was named by the Apostle Paul as a "brother" sending salutation.

R was the great-great-grandmother of David.

S mocked the Jews in their attempt to rebuild Jerusalem.

T was a companion of S in the expression of derision.

U was a faithful soldier wickedly exposed to death by order of his king.

V was one of the number sent by Moses to search the land of Canaan.

W, X and Y furnish no proper names.

Z was the captain of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots, defeated by 580.000 men.

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